The NABOB:

OR,

ASIATIC PLUNDERERS.

A Satyrical POEM,

In a Dialogue between a FRIEND and the AUTHOR.

TO WHICH ARE ANNEXED,

A few fugitive Pieces of POETRY.

Si natura negat, facit indignatio verſum
Qualemcunque poteſt. JUVENAL

Rarò antecedentem Sceleſtum
Deſeruit pede pœna claudo. HORACE

LONDON:
Printed for the AUTHOR;
And Sold by J. TOWNSEND, in London-Street. 1773.
[Price Two Shillings and Six-Pence.]

PREFACE.

THE Muſe's Province is double; to commend Virtue and to chaſtiſe Vice. Great Crimes have been charged on the Servants of the India-Company, from a *National* Inquiry, and yet no one has ſuffered. The Services of one Man have proved like *Ajax*'s Shield in *Homer*, a Refuge for thoſe who have done great Diſſervice, and have ſtained the very Name and Annals of our Country with Crimes ſcarce inferior to the Conquerors of *Mexico* and *Peru*. The Hiſtorians of other Nations, (if not our own) will do Juſtice to the oppreſſed Subjects in *India*, and will hand down the Memory of the Oppreſſors to the lateſt Poſterity, loaded with the Infamy due to the Magnitude of their Cruelties, Extortions, and new modes of Murder.——Nor ſhall my Pen be wanting, ſo far as its Power may reach, to perpetuate an honeſt Indignation againſt the Enemies of Mankind, Tyrants clothed with civil Authority, and abuſing that ſacred Truſt.

2dly. The acquital of one, (who bears a *doubtful* Merit in the Eyes of the truly good) can be no exculpation of the reſt who have no Merit to plead at all, but all the Guilt that ought to call down *National* Juſtice on their Heads. And yet ſuch have eſcap'd unpuniſh'd

unpuniſh'd. However, they cannot eſcape the public Odium, nor even their own painful Reflections. *Hæret Lateri letalis Arundo.* VIRG. Providence has precluded all retreat from this Miniſter of its Juſtice, a guilty Conſcience.

3dly. The Pieces ſubjoin'd have all a moral Tendency, and may beget a Reverence and Love towards the ſupreme Parent of the Univerſe, and as a natural Conſequence of that, an Attention to the Miſeries which burden Life in others. And as a *Noble* Author juſtly ſays,

One moral, or one mere good-natur'd Deed,
Doth all deſert in Science far exceed;

So one Line of Poetry, wrote in ſupport of Morals, and their immutable Obligation, is preferable to all which inflames the Paſſions, and paints Vices in Colours often apt to excite Imitation, rather than to provoke Abhorrence.——The Verſes on the Gentleman going to Priſon were a Fiction, as the Author was not married at that Time; tho' a Friend in that unhappy Situation, gave the firſt hint for that little Piece. They may yet ſerve to awaken ſome benevolent Attention to ſuch who may be *really* now in ſuch a diſtreſsful Circumſtance, which but too often occurs among other Miſeries of Humanity. And here I cannot omit obſerving, what great Thanks are due to that *truly* charitable So-

ciety

ciety at the *Thatch'd-Houſe*, which diſcharges unfortunate Debtors from the Horrors of a *temporary* Hell. May Heaven raiſe Friends to ſuch; and may our Goals confine none, but notorious and harden'd Wretches, who are wiſely and happily reſtrain'd by ſuch means from becoming Plagues and Nuiſances to the general Community. At preſent our Priſons puniſh the unfortunate more than the Criminal.

4thly. The few Lines on the *Marquis* of *Taviſtock*, were wrote at the time of his unfortunate Death. They were due to one, who was an honour to Nobility, to his Country, to Humanity. How many young Noblemen now live, only to diſgrace all theſe three Diſtinctions? who, let them dye at any Time, or by any Accidents, or their own Vices, will leave no Country to regret their early Fall, or have Merit enough to claim a Tribute to their Memory from any Pen whatever.

Laſtly. I ſhall only obſerve, that a Poem has been wrote on this Subject by way of Ridicule. However well perform'd it may be, it muſt be always true, that *Ridicule* is only fit to expoſe, or correct Foibles and Weakneſſes in Mankind; but is never a proper Weapon to attack Vices and Immoralities. The Muſe muſt be ſerious, or the Impreſſion will be loſt. And what Heart that wanted Amendment, ever went away better from the *laughing*

Satyr of the *Beggar's Opera?* This Piece corrupts the Morals of the Audience, and ſpreads a more intimate and rapid Contagion in the Breaſts of the inferior Claſs, from the combin'd force of *Muſic* and *Humour* at every Exhibition. Had *Horace* wrote with a vein of Pleaſantry upon thoſe groſs Vices, which ſharpen'd the honeſt Pen of *Juvenal*, he had been the ſubject of Laughter himſelf; and the laſt muſt have forfeited all title to Propriety and Utility, had he imitated the manner of the firſt on Subjects totally different.

11 7 '49

The NABOB, &c.

FRIEND.

CONCERNS it you who plunders in the Eaſt,
In blood a tyrant, and in luſt a beaſt?
When ills are diſtant, are they then your own?
Saw'ſt thou their tears, or heard'ſt th' oppreſſed groan?
What others feel, if we muſt feel it too,
If for diſtreſs, we give the tribute due,
Not *Heraclitus* could with tears ſupply
The conſtant ſpring of ſorrow's flowing eye;
Nor could the ſufferers find the leaſt relief,
Did'ſt thou emboſom all their ſtores of grief?

Enjoy

Enjoy thy calm retreat, alarm no foe,
Unequal to the combat and the blow
Which pow'rful wealth can ſtrike; in peace retire,
To others leave the danger and the fire.

AUTHOR.

I hate this *apathy*;—This *ſtoic* plan
Seems ſullen pride; as man, I feel for man.
My Country's honor has receiv'd a blot,
A mark of odium ne'er to be forgot:
A larger country ſtill I boaſt: embrace
With a warm heart all *Adam*'s wretched race;
Not dipp'd in *Lethe*, I can feel all o'er,
Feel for the widow, orphan, ſtranger, poor.
Where'er oppreſſion lifts its iron hand,
It ſtrikes my brother in a diſtant land.

Clime,

Clime, colour, feature, in my boſom find
The friend to all; their ſtamp is ſtill mankind,
And mankind too to nobleſt blood ally'd,
For he who bled for me, for them too dy'd;
He lifts them high above the thrones of kings;
In him, mine, yours,—all true greatneſs ſprings.
If I, thro' fear, the helpleſs won't defend,
Or ſhun a danger for ſo good an end,
May I, by Heav'n's juſt ſentence, when Death's pow'r
Darkens my day, in that ſad trying hour
No ray of comfort find; my parting ſun
Set in thick clouds, when life's laſt ſand is run.
Who flies the wretched, ſoon forſook ſhall be,
The meaſure's juſt, the rule is equity,
Hung on Heav'n's balance, that mankind may view,
Its ways are right, its judgments fix'd, as true.

FRIEND.

This, Sir, is preaching; if you write, purſue
The modiſh path, to morals bid adieu.
Let love, wine, women, feaſting, dance and ſong
Thy page adorn, and ſweetly glide along
Thro' flow'ry periods; they'll attention win,
But to my mind 'tis better not begin.
Preach peace, they'll cry; it beſt becomes thy gown:
There ſpend thy zeal, by *that* reform the town.

AUTHOR.

Is it become an high offence to Heaven
To guard thoſe rights its equal hand has giv'n?
To help the friendleſs, Pity's wing to ſpread
O'er every roofleſs, every famiſh'd head:

Is that grown vice? Why burn'd the prophet's breaſt,
With holy zeal 'gainſt kings and prieſts, who preſt
With heavy loads the vaſſals of their pow'r?
Was that zeal, malice, was that anger ſour?
Meekneſs is folly, patience is mere guilt,
If calm, when tyrants rule, when blood is ſpilt.
Why did *Elijah* vex his righteous ſoul?
Why aim his country's vices to controul?
Why in the deſart tread his painful way?
Why break his ſleep,—for others faſt and pray?
In this hard taſk, what profit did he gain?
His nation damn'd, he had not felt their pain.

FRIEND.

Why then begin, if all advice be vain:
From ſcourging vice thy pen no more reſtrain;

Hear me once more; forbear, I ſay, to preach.
Their point they ſeldom gain who morals teach.

AUTHOR.

What of bold *Juvenal*, tell me, would remain,
Cut from his honeſt page the moral ſtrain?
Doth not e'en *Horace*, in familiar way,
The pureſt ethics to the mind convey?
He foibles touch'd, and follies light as air,
Opinions vain from philoſophic chair:
Errors of mind, and battles of the ſchools,
The Sceptic, Stoic, Epicurean fools
No anger move, I pity and forbear;
Such weakneſs, more or leſs, all mankind ſhare.
Had he in human ſhape ſuch monſters ſeen,
No words his genius could have found too keen.

The laughing ſatyriſt had ſerious grown,
And made the wrongs of millions all his own:
His *Attic* wit to wrath ſevere had turn'd,
His breaſt with more than *Pythian* fury burn'd;
Had call'd on *Jove* his hotteſt bolts to dart
And ſtrike ſwift vengeance through each tyrant's heart.
But an example nearer home we find,
Pope's greateſt beauty is the moral kind.
He dares laſh vice, by titles lifted high,
Daſh the bold fronts, that Virtue's laws defy.
Shall I then fear the injur'd to defend,
In ſuch a cauſe my utmoſt force I'll lend.
If Guilt wear Stars, or ſwell to hear this word,
The vaſt, important ſound contain'd in *Lord*.
No man I dread, that ſovereign pow'r I fear,
Whom all men ſhould, whom all the good revere:

Fear, in God's cauſe, is cowardice, is ſhame,
Beyond all language, and the baſeſt name.
My life I'll truſt, my all, nor e'er give o'er
To point Heav'n's vengeance at th' abuſe of pow'r;
Since he who rolls the planets in the ſpheres,
Stoops to the widow, marks the orphan's tears;
Who bids the ſun with rays energic ſhine,
Hears the ſcorn'd ſlave, that digs his maſter's mine.
The poor and ſtranger, by his aweful laws,
Stand thus diſtinguiſh'd: "I'll avenge their cauſe *."
Whoe'er is great, and dares his power abuſe,
Shall peace of mind and Heaven's protection loſe;

* See the various Paſſages in *Moſes*, where theſe neglected ſtates of human life are honoured with the divine notice, and particular protection. What other legiſlator ſpeaks thus?

Who

Who lifts his hand in cruelty or ſcorn,
To any, e'en the leaſt of woman born,
Shall, in his turn, a hand uplifted find
To pay him all his wickedneſs in kind.
The ſavage *Nimrods*, hunting men for game,
Shall lick the duſt, in duſt ſhall hide their ſhame.

FRIEND.

Ah! this is preaching, canting, ſome will ſay;
Chuſe a new theme, or verſe is thrown away:
Beſides, they'll not believe the book you cite;
Preach on for ever, and freſh rhymes indite:
They'll ſhake their ſides, at midnight mock thy lines,
While mirth roars loud, and thought is drown'd in wines.

AUTHOR.

AUTHOR.

I preach the ſame that poets preach'd before,
My aim is equal, if my verſe is poor.
Believe they not? Yes, they believe and fear;
Doubts blaſt their joys, while Conſcience in the ear,
That ſullen monitor, points out their doom,
When titles, power, and pleaſures in one tomb
Expiring ſink; then judgment firſt begins;
Then ſcorpions ſting, the ſeed of *laughing* ſins.
Think not that man can *moral ſenſe* controul;
'Twas ſtamp'd unaſk'd, and wrote upon his ſoul!
Before all laws or language, 'twas impreſt
By Heaven's broad ſignet on the human breaſt.
All ethics ſpring from one internal ground;
Had we no *Plato*, *Tully*,—they'd be found.

Hume

Hume felt its force, e'er *Beattie*'s vivid pen
Sham'd this vile ſophiſt, and the worſt of men.
Who moral truths perplex, 'gainſt all offend;
To ſouls unborn the poiſon'd ſtreams deſcend.
Voltaire too trembles; while he wears forc'd ſmiles
To cheat mankind, he moſt himſelf beguiles.
Pride can diſſemble, pride can wear diſguiſe,
Yet moral judgment burſts this web of lies.
They too muſt tremble in the gayeſt hour,
Who purchas'd greatneſs by abuſe of pow'r;
Who build proud palaces on human blood,
Will graſp *Ixion*'s cloud for real good.
Not tremble! Yes, they muſt, and ſicken too;
The hand that ſmites them, ever will purſue:
A hand unſeen will write againſt the wall,
And Conſcience point th' approaching time to fall.

What! not believe! becauſe in books 'tis ſeen?
Man muſt believe, he reads it firſt within.
'Tis but himſelf diſſected, brought to light;
Nor can he ſhut his eyes in Nature's ſpite.
Juſtice Divine will equal laws diſpenſe,
Plain to each mind, and wrote to common ſenſe:
" * Who ſhews no mercy ſhall no mercy find:
" Who evil does ſhall evil pay in kind:
" Who † curſing loves, ſhould he a bleſſing gain?
" Or he taſte pleaſure who delights in pain?
" ‡ On his own head his actions ſhall recoil,
" ‖ And ſpoiling others, he'll become a ſpoil,"

* James, ii. 3. † Pſ. cix. 17, 18. ‡ Rev. xiii. 10.

‖ The *Lex Talionis*, or Law of Retaliation, has the ſanction of Divine Authority in *Moſes* for its equity; and ſeems to be the beſt meaſure of juſtice to prevent or puniſh crimes. How unequal are the penalties for offences in Chriſtian kingdoms, which ſhould have adopted every practical part of the Divine Legiſlation, at leaſt in civil government?

'Tis

'Tis Heav'n's Chanc'ry: Is it then unjuſt
To puniſh rapine, cruelty and luſt?

FRIEND.

Let laws then puniſh: Wield not thou the rod,
Nor take the ſeat of the avenging God;
Or leave to future juſtice, moving ſlow,
* (So Pagans thought,) to ſtrike th' heavier blow.

AUTHOR.

Yes; Laws will puniſh ev'ry petty knave;
Hang low-born pilf'rers;—ſcourge the toil-worn ſlave;
While greater villains all their threats deſpiſe,
† And by ſtrange crimes to higheſt honours riſe.
What's law to ſuch? 'Tis Conſcience then alone
Can mount ſtern Juſtice on her awful throne;

* See *Plutarch*'s famous tract De tardâ Deorum Vindictâ.
† Criminis ille crucem pretium tulit, hic diadema. JUVEN.

Judgment

Judgment anticipate! the dreadful day,
In all it's horrors, to their minds diſplay;
* When mighty men, when Lords of wealth and pow'r
Shall bow their pride; to dens, to rocks, to co'er
Their heads from wrath Divine ſhall trembling fly,
While flaming Veng'ance burns the melting ſky.
This Conſcience ſpeaks; This bold intruding gueſt
Darkens the feaſt, and ſhakes with ſtorms the breaſt;
While wearied limbs, by force, ſink down to ſleep,
The guilty ſtill their inward vigils keep:
By thorny thoughts, and broken ſlumbers toſt,
No real danger nigh, they fear the moſt.

FRIEND.

If ſuch their ſtate, of pooreſt they are poor,
Why ſharpen miſery? or why ſtrike them more?

* Rev. vi. 15.

Why not invite them rather to amend?
Of the best writing 'tis the noblest end.

AUTHOR.

AUTHOR.

Yes, I invite them from my very heart:
To their deep wounds wou'd healing balm impart.
Let meek-ey'd Penitence the way prepare,
The * *Spoil* return'd, will Heav'ns quick pardon ſhare.
† *Zaccheus*-like, let each his mind proclaim:
Wrongs to repair, e'en welcome public ſhame.
Repentance never liv'd 'midſt Pomp and Pride;
She mourns retir'd, and ſeeks herſelf to hide:
Not in broad-day attends the ſplendid ſinner,
Or ſits with flatt'rers at the coſtly dinner.
But if their hearts ſo mean, or hard be grown
‡ To feel thoſe pangs which genuine ſorrows crown.

* Ezek. xviii. 21. † St. Luke, xix. 8, 9.

‡ Quem pœnitet peccaſſe, penè eſt innocens. *Sen. Cicero* ſomewhere ſays, that the tears of repentance are more pleaſing than the gratifications of thoſe ſins which cauſed them. What a ſenſibility had this Heathen? How few who offend, know or feel this, as they ought?

If they who dar'd Heav'n's righteous laws trangreſs,
Their faults notorious, won't thoſe faults confeſs.
Their ſhame live branded to the lateſt born,
The public hatred, as the public ſcorn.
Their names, as beacons on a dang'rous coaſt,
For marks ſhall ſtand that others be not loſt.
If yet too proud, to humble, or to pray,
Except through cuſtom on a ſabbath day,
When pomp and ſplendor vulgar minds ſurpriſe,
And fools admire what all the good deſpiſe:
If they will yet their weighty crimes defend,
And rather Heav'n defy, than dare amend;
This coward pride but ſharpens more the rod,
And forces vengeance from th' unwilling God.
Conſcience ſtill guards her poſt, and keeps the gate,
While lying Grandeur ſtrives the world to cheat:

In

In vain that pomp, while bleeds the ſtricken heart,
The ſmile without can't calm the inward ſmart.

FRIEND.

Better it ſeems in gentler ſtrains to write,
To better thoughts by mild advice invite;
This might, at once both zeal and love diſplay,
And turn to duty thoſe that go aſtray.

AUTHOR.

Could it be thus, the lenient balm I'd pour,
Wake ſoft relentings, watch the happy hour,
When the heart feels by unſeen power drawn,
Some virtuous kindlings in contrition's dawn.
I know his will, who ne'er the fall'n forſakes,
Nor the bruis'd reed with anger's tempeſt breaks;

Who,

Who, in the ſpark, ne'er quench'd the ſmoaking flax;
His wrath moves ſlow, his thunders ſoon relax,
Whene'er the penitent bend beneath his throne,
And with true ſighs their great tranſgreſſions own:
While the tall cedars, which his ſtorms defy,
Struck by his bolts, in thouſand ſhivers fly.
The two beſt ends of writing I purſue,
To theſe great ends I'll turn my conſtant view;
To guard the young from vice's ſpecious ſnare,
To ſtrike the guilty with a wholeſome fear.
How can I with more force their hearts alarm,
Or how th' unwary better ſhield from harm,
Than pointing out thoſe ills, that crimes attend,
This life's ſad load, in future what an end?
Is he, good Sir, the ſailor's friend or foe,
Who hangs a light ſome hidden rock to know?

Nor

Nor do I leſs, though in a greater cauſe,
Who preach the juſtice of th' eternal laws;
Bid men beware, nor Heav'n's high order break,
For all the wealth that India's mines could make:
Bid them prefer rich peace of mind to all
The tranſient glories of this earthly ball.
Bid all whatever rank in life they fill,
Prevent the bitter cup of laſting ill;
By threats the weak reſtrain, the bold repel,
To each gay Dives ſound the name of hell.
This, this is charity that ne'er grows cold,
Embracing poor and rich, and young and old.

FRIEND.

This is quite preaching, though in rhyme addreſt,
The laugh will riſe, or pity, at the beſt;

While ſome, in vice's beaten track, grown hard,
Will read untouch'd, and ſcorn the ſimple bard,
Who, in theſe days, cou'd dream free minds to chain,
By threatening preſent ills, or future pain.

AUTHOR.

You quite miſtake; man never can controul,
Howe'er diſpos'd, the judgment of his ſoul:
To him, his maker never licence gave,
To doubt thoſe truths, which his own hands engrave.
Great moral truths were never ta'en on truſt;
* Man knows them equal, and he feels them juſt.

* The author of the Characteriſtics ſuppoſes a moral ſenſe innate, and biſhop *Butler*, late of *Durham*, ſeems to lean that way. St. *Paul* has decided this queſtion, by declaring a *law written* on the heart. Let Sophiſts and Scoolmen wrangle as they pleaſe; one ſuch authority is better than all the ſchools of Philoſophers.

His mind to harden is an endleſs taſk;
T'will all the drudg'ry of a whole life aſk:
Doubts ſtill on doubts, and fears on fears will riſe,
As Alps o'er Alps peer mounting to the ſkies.
Since he who form'd, muſt know our inward frame,
Hear then this truth, to all aloud proclaim;
" * The wicked ne'er ſhall taſte true peace of mind,
" Toſt like a troubled ſea, from wind to wind;
" From thought to thought, ſtill doubting, fearing roll,
" A haven ſeek, but never reach that gaol."
What did Tiberius, at his Capreæ find,
But fiercer furies clinging to his mind?
Why did not vice expunge his moral ſenſe?
Did Pagan light ſuch torturing pangs diſpenſe?
Who gave that light, that vivid ſenſe of woe?
Habit cou'd not; it from itſelf muſt grow.

* Iſaiah. 20.

Not

Not one in thouſands can their conſcience fear,
Beyond the rack of doubt, or torturing fear.
Hume knows this truth, e'en *Voltaire* mourns this rod,
In ſpite of will, they ſee and fear a God.
And, if a God, the proof is clear and ſtrong,
He muſt approve what's right, abhor what's wrong:
And what that diff'rence is, to all is known,
From deep-learn'd *Plato*, to th' unletter'd clown.
The *code* is ſhort, but clear, and wrote by heav'n;
To ev'ry nation this ſure light is giv'n;
" To others do, what you deſire done:"
Here laws begin, to this one centre run:
From the firſt rank of beings it deſcends;
Thro' worlds unumber'd its vaſt chain extends.
This rule forms order; this one truth implies
Paternal, filial, ſocial charities.

This

This truth forſaken, firſt gave birth to Sin,
And Death to Man, to Angels woe let in;
From Heav'n caſt Lucifer; from bliſs it drove
Our great firſt parents for their breach of Love.
Love then was duty; what they muſt have known,
Was due for good, and due to God alone.
This is Heav'n's chanc'ry, as fix'd as Fate;
Admits no Lawyer's babble, no debate:
Preventing reas'ning, 'twill conviction ſtrike,
And tho' condemn'd, we can't our doom diſlike.
This will judge Judges, Lawyers, Nobles, Kings;
In Heav'ns high ſcales theſe names are meaneſt things.
This the great Roman* wrote for all to ſee;
For Chancellors to read,—Law's bright epitome.

* The Emperor *Severus* had this ſentence, "Do unto others, &c." wrote in golden letters over the gates of his palace, and in all public places.

Yes, all muſt read it, tho' not wrote with pen,
Since God has wrote it in the hearts of men:
Tho' dimm'd by paſſions, and tho' blurr'd by luſt,
Man ſees unwilling, text and comment juſt.

FRIEND.

This may ſtrike terror, but it cannot pleaſe;
The great, like *Felix*,—won't diſturb their eaſe.
Again, Sir, I aver what firſt I ſaid;
Conſcience in ſome, and moral ſenſe is dead.
Could they from murder, rapine, famine too,
Amaſſing wealth, if *Dow* and *Bolts* ſpeak true?
Could they, if conſcience were not quite aſleep,
Each day, a *Saturnalian* revel keep?
Each day, a *nuptial* feaſt before their ſight,
If angry conſcience did, or laſh, or bite?

'Tis

'Tis a ſtrong ſymptom they forget to feel;
Their breaſts are ſtone, their minds as hard as ſteel.

AUTHOR.

O, no! they feel, yet guilt conjoin'd with pride,
The riſing ſigh, the ſilent pang will hide:
Pride, like the *Spartan* thief, will pains conceal;
Smile with torn bowels, rather than reveal
The thouſand ſtrokes, that goad the guilty mind,
And ſilent vengeance take for wrong'd mankind.
Yet pains conceal'd, like fire that's inward pent,
Rage ſtill more fierce, and labour for a vent:
A thouſand times, in ſecret, riſe and die,
Sighs, groans, and tears, unmark'd by any eye;
Deep in their hearts, th' Almighty's arrows ſink,
Feed on their peace, and life's beſt balſam drink;

Still,

Still, in their ſight, death's levelling hand appears,
Gives edge to doubts, and keenneſs to their fears.
What, tho' to you, to me, they ſeem to feaſt,
And ſav'ry joys in wine and women taſte?
Their cup of pleaſure is with worm-wood mix'd;
The date of human bliſs is ſhort and fix'd;
Oft, like an infant, only born to die,
And preach this leſſon, ALL IS VANITY.

FRIEND.

This is quite preaching, tho' as day-light true;
With modern taſte and manners 'twill not do;
A century too late at leaſt you write,
Such moral documents, ſo ſtale and trite,
At fourteen years the very ſchool-boys now,
At home, abroad, have learn'd to diſavow

The

The force of moral truths; ſo theſe forbear,
Fit for the hermit's cell, or pedant's chair.
Aſk Printers, Publiſhers,—aſk whom you will,—
Write other ſtrains, they'll ſay, or drop your quill.

AUTHOR.

Is **Young* then dull, becauſe his moral ſong
Sublime as *Plato*, and as *Tully* ſtrong
Speaks bold harſh truths? Is he not read at all?
Or lies his verſe cheap lumber on the Stall?
No, no, my Friend, Heav'n left not man at large
To chuſe his notions, or his mind diſcharge
Of *right* and *wrong*: ſtamp'd deep the moral ſenſe
Stands yet the guard and ſeal of Providence:
E'en *Hobbs*, what *Shafteſbury* has taught, muſt own,
That moral ſenſe ſtill keeps in man it's throne:

* Author of the Night-Thoughts, &c.

Within, a witneſs and a judge muſt dwell
To give ſome foretaſte, or of Heav'n, or Hell.
Monſters there may be, but yet rare to find,
Who by vile practice loſe the feeling mind;
Who, with *judicial* hardneſs ſear'd in guilt
Can't ſigh for crimes, or blood of *Pagans* ſpilt;
Who rob the *Indian*, and not call it theft;
Forſook by Heav'n, vile Heathens may be left
To ſtarve by millions.———
The crime in ſuch, (if crime it be) is light,
Chriſtians 'gainſt *Pagan Heretics* claim right
By war to plunder, or by famine kill;
Wretches like theſe, were only born for ill.
I grant few ſuch, perhaps, are now alive,
How different they from generous *Sykes* or *Clive!*
Of this bright ſtamp, there may be twenty more,
Who ne'er oppreſſed the widow, ſtranger, poor:

Who

Who never reap'd what they had never ſown;
The culture theirs, the fruit is ſure their own.
Such ſtill their flowing Bounty widely ſpread,
Stretch the broad wing, and deal out life in Bread
To all around them, who, with ardent eyes,
On their kind Patrons from the higheſt ſkies
Pluck bleſſings down. My honeſt aim they praiſe,
No ſatyr fear, and court no flattering lays.
They dread no ſpectres of the famiſh'd dead,
Who lift the torch and ſtalk about the bed
With hideous forms to haunt the troubled reſt,
And pour freſh anguiſh on the bleeding breaſt.
At eaſe they lie, like cradled infants ſleep
Embalm'd in peace, while guardian Angels keep
Their conſtant ſtations round their ſlumbering head,
Wave golden wings and heavenly odors ſhed.——

Let

Let odious murderers on gibbets rot
Hung up, leaſt crimes ſhould be too ſoon forgot:
For public good, the public eye offend,
Since ſuch examples preach aloud, Amend.
Erect thy gibbet, SHAME, erect it high,
Let guilty Greatneſs meet the indignant Eye:
The bold may tremble, the rapacious mind
From Fear may learn, perhaps, to ſpare Mankind.

FRIEND.

Knaves fear no Shame; at vice they laugh aloud,
While You are ſerious only with the croud.
In Groups, the Guilty now protect each other,
They ſmile, and call each wealthy knave their brother.
Number defends them from the ſcourge of *Law*;
Gold bribes the Lawyers, Lawyers find a flaw:

Juſtice

Juſtice no longer ſhakes her awful Rod,
They laugh at her, who laugh'd before at God.
Then why in vain, a *Hornet*'s Neſt awake;
Ceaſe thy fond zeal, the dangerous path forſake.

AUTHOR.

Let them deſpiſe all Cenſure, and all Laws
By pow'r evade; yet ſtill in Virtue's cauſe
My Breaſt ſhall glow; I'll ſpeak it to their face,
O'er Stars and Garters Guilt throws dark diſgrace:
That, tho' from human Courts and Juries clear,
They, at an higher Bar, muſt ſoon appear,
Where hired lips no crooked wit diſplay,
Where the *old Serpent* can't with craft betray:
Where, what is ever right, or ever wrong,
Depends no longer on the Pleader's tongue;

But Judgment, dreadful Judgment will be giv'n,
Impartial Verdicts ſpeak the voice of Heav'n.
Let them boaſt Numbers, great and rich, what then?
Two honeſt minds ten thouſand Knaves condemn:
Such ſtill (as life's * great Maſter well obſerv'd,)
For *choſen witneſſes* Providence has reſerv'd.
In every Clime, in every age and ſtate,
Some yet are truly good, and truly great.
See to bear witneſs in Religion's line
To Peers prophane, how *Radnor*, *Romney* ſhine,
Dartmouth and *Chandois*, honour'd be their Name!
While others live, Mankind and Heav'n to ſhame.

* An obſervation of *Rochefaucault*'s, among his Maxims, who does not flatter human nature, as the pen of *Hutcheſon* has done in the falſe picture of mankind in all his writings. If what he ſays be true, Religion has little to do with Man, and the Goſpel is not wanted to give wings to a creature, who has got wings and can fly already.

To Lawyers, *Camden* moves in radiant ſphere,
An honeſt man, nor ſunk, tho' made a peer.
In *Lyttleton*, fair freedom's ſteady friend
Breath'd his firſt breath, and with his laſt will end.
In the great Wheel of State perhaps you'll find
Some real Patriots, friends to human kind.
'Midſt ſlaviſh Nobles, *Lenox*, *Wentworth* move,
The Nation's pillars and the Nation's love.
What a bright ſtar in *Cheſterfield* expir'd,
Whom Freedom, Eloquence, and Wit inſpir'd.
While *N*—— with all his Buſtle merits little;
The ſlaves he rules, wou'd lick his very ſpittle:
One ſingle queſtion guides the hireling tribe,
Not who the maſter is, but what's his Bribe.
This eaſy *State-craft* learn'd in *Walpole*'s ſchool
Gives one great Knave o'er fellow Knaves to rule:

Blaſted

Blaſted his name, who form'd corruption's plan,
Satan's *firſt-born* who tempts, then ruins man.—
Learn *N*——, from *Sully*, Virtue is the way
To bleſs a Nation, like the ſun's broad ray:
While Craft and Cunning, Wiſdom's *Ape* and *Aſs*,
To Knaves and Fools alone for Wiſdom paſs:
Like *Meteors* move, tho' high and ſeeming bright,
Convey no Warmth, nor nouriſh with their light.
From **Heaven* learn, (let vileſt men diſown,)
Virtue beſt guards a *Kingdom*, props the *throne*.
Adopt that high-born Wiſdom; baniſh Knaves,
No Prince's Slave, not e'en a King of Slaves.

* Prov. 14. 34. Righteouſneſs exalteth a Nation, but ſin is the reproach of any people. —16. 34. The throne is eſtabliſhed by juſtice. What has falſe policy produced for this Nation within 70 years, but a ſtanding army, a venal——, and an immenſe mortgage of the Kingdom in the public Debt? Beſides theſe two great evils, an univerſal corruption of morals in all ranks of life has followed, and as *Horace* obſerves,

Œtas parentum, pejor avis, tulit
Nos nequiores, mox daturos
Progeniem vitioſiorem.——

Far

Far above *civic*, crowns ſhall deck thy name;
Who ſerves his country beſt, is firſt in fame.
Then nobly ſcorn, to reign o'er ſelf-ſold men,
Thoſe baſeſt ſlaves! I ſhake them from my pen:
When giving, ſcorn'd; obliging, yet deſpis'd,
Slaves of this ſtamp have ne'er their maſter priz'd.

FRIEND.

What! turn'd a patriot? 'tis the height of folly,
Let's ſhut the ſcene, the theme grows melancholy.
Your head, your heart, will ſtrong ſuſpicion draw,
That one is weak, and t'other has a flaw.
Who'd ſave a Country willing to be ſlaves,
The good man's pity moves, the laugh of Knaves.

AUTHOR.

All are not ſlaves; nor has curs'd thirſt of Gold
Our Liberty, our Lives, our Children ſold:
In *Aſia*'s realms let ſlavery be bound,
Let not her foot defile this ſacred ground,
Where Freedom, Science, Valour fix'd their ſeat,
And taught all Nations how they ſhould be great;
Now ſunk in Vice, indignant thought I own!
An hireling group in this great realm is grown
High Lords o'er millions, whoſe worn hands ſupply
Their pride, their pomp, and feaſt of luxury.
I feel my Boſom riſe at this ſad thought,
By public wealth the public's foes are bought:
While all is motion, life is ſweat and toil,
That lazy drones may banquet on the ſpoil.

FRIEND.

FRIEND.

Avoid that rock; you touch a dangerous coaſt,
Your little bark and you will ſoon be loſt.
A Nabob's game, and ſometimes e'en a Peer,
But not a Miniſter: of him * keep clear.
But dare not cenſure, dare not e'en to praiſe,
Prayers are libels, if the lawyers pleaſe.

AUTHOR.

Dear Friend, your reaſons conquer, I have done:
I'll cloſe with what a father taught a ſon.
On a ſtill evening's walk, life's calmeſt hour,
Paſſions aſleep, when Reaſon boaſts moſt pow'r;
My deareſt, only Child, the grey Sire ſaid,
(On his ſage breaſt his hand was gravely laid,)

* Hic niger eſt: Hunc tu, Romane, Caveto. HOR.

To

To thee ſoon going, where grow gems and gold
In *Aſia*'s Clime, I now my heart unfold.
My head grown white by threeſcore years and ten
Has deeply weigh'd the crooked ways of men:
The honeſt ſtarve, the virtuous ſoon are left,
Few patrons find, of Fortune's gifts bereft:
In Virtue's path, thou may'ſt have peace and health,
But man's a cypher, if not crown'd with wealth.
* Gain that importance, if thou can'ſt, with Fame,
If not, it muſt be gain'd thro' loſs of name:
To all be courteous, words will coſt thee nought,
The ſmiles of greatneſs by this coin are bought.
Friendſhip's a name; be firſt thy own dear friend,
Let friendſhip here begin, here let it end."
Thus ſpoke grave age, thus taught the hoary fool
The ſtale, low maxims of the world's ſchool:

* ——————Ut facias rem;
Si poſſis rectè; ſi non, quo cunque modo, rem. HOR.

Here

Here ceas'd the oracle ſo wiſe by years,
While his cold heart forc'd ſome reluctant tears.
His ſon aſtoniſh'd heard, aſham'd retir'd,
But too ſoon practis'd what his Sire inſpir'd.
Tutors like theſe, young minds with poiſon fill,
Blaſt truth's green bud, and opening Virtue kill.
By theſe, the *Pagan* Temple's daily trod,
Where *Self* is *worſhipp'd*, and where *Gold* is *God*.
On life's laſt verge, grey hairs in plenteous ſtore,
Creep ſcarce alive thro' *Greſham*'s buſy door:
Bending to earth, of earth ſtill more they crave,
And thirſt for wealth, juſt ſinking to the grave.
Low-thoughted Commerce! heart-corrupting trade!
To blaſt pure morals and true Virtue made:

So *Plato* thought, ſo *More*, and * *Monteſquieu*;
The † voice of Heav'n confirms their judgment true.
Here ends my moral; here conclude my lays,
Honeſt, if rough, they claim the good man's praiſe.
To Virtue's friends, my Muſe unpenſion'd ſings;
Let others flatter Miniſters, or Kings:
On Virtue's ſons, tho' few, deſpis'd and poor,
My Heart ſhall ſmile; to others ſhut the door.

* This laſt Author ſays, that commerce refines indeed manners, but always corrupts morals. What idea of chriſtianity muſt Indians conceive from our traders? What notions muſt the Africans entertain of our humanity in purchaſing ſlaves of ſuch who never injured us? What Religion (and can morals exiſt without the worſhip of Deity?) is ſeen in *Madraſs*, and particularly in *Bengal*, or in the *Weſt-Indian* Iſlands? Such is the fruit of commerce every-where.

† In the account of *Tyre* and *Sidon*, and *Nineve* and *Babylon* before them, their great wickedneſs is aſcribed to that inundation of luxury introduced by trade.

A Piece from a ſerious Muſical Compoſition never before Publiſhed.

RECITATIVE.

To ſouls juſt periſhing on the ſtormy deep
Not land more welcome; nor to travellers ears
Fainting with thirſt, midſt Lybia's burning ſands,
The ſound of guſhing rill at diſtance heard
More joy inſpires, than to the burden'd mind
The voice of pardon, when high Heav'n reprieves
The forfeit life, and ſin's great debt forgives.

AIR.

How beautiful the feet! that go
O'er mountains, like the fleeteſt Roe:

To *Sion*'s gates with haſte repair,
And loudly this beſt news declare.
Herald of love and peace, I bring
This meſſage from your God and King.
Thy ſins are pardon'd, raiſe thy head,
Let ſacred joys thy heart o'erſpread;
Awake, cry out, Salvation's near,
No longer death, or vengeance fear:
Thy crimes as crimſon colour'd deep,
In mercy's breaſt for ever ſleep;
Waſh'd in one blood, now whiter grow,
Than pureſt flocks of pureſt ſnow:
See the bleſt fount from his pierc'd ſide;
For you, for all, he bled, he dy'd.

On the Death of the late Marquis of Taviſtock, *killed by a Fall from his Horſe.*

What his dear country loſt when *Ruſſel* fell,
Let each free mind, and virtuous boſom tell.
Title and wealth a ſhade of greatneſs give,
Virtues like his, by worth intrinſic live.
To his fair name three kingdoms witneſs bear,
For his ſad fate, three kingdoms drop the tear.

On an Earthquake, *from a ſerious muſical Entertainment.*

RECITATIVE.

Hear the loud call, ye Nations, Heav'n ſpeaks,
The mountains rock, the Earth's deep centre ſhakes:

In vain, philoſophy its aid ſupplies,
To ſecond cauſes for weak refuge flies.
Who can theſe cauſes in their force reſtrain?
Who o'er the elements caſt the guiding rein?
Can man's weak pow'r confine the Ocean's rage,
Bid thunders ceaſe, or with the ſtorm engage?
O'er man, o'er all, Heav'n holds the dreadful rod;
None can great Nature rule, but Nature's God.

AIR.

I.

Drunk with Heav'n's wrath, the ſtaggering earth
Teems with ſome great, important birth,
To ſcourge a guilty land:
Where luxury riots on the ſpoils
Of thouſands, whoſe hard conſtant toils
Feed few, pride's lordly band.

II.

Muſic is heard, and ſong, and dance,
While beauty's hireling forms advance
To charm the wanton eye:
In every place mad riot reigns,
Forgetful of another's pains,
Unfelt Compaſſion's ſigh.

III.

Sudden the change, the change how great!
A moment ſinks that pride and ſtate,
The whole in ruin falls:
Hark! what a dreadful hollow ſound
From Earth's torn bowels ſhake the ground
And burſts the ſtrongeſt walls.

The

IV.

The lofty domes, man's fort and pride,
And gorgeous tow'rs on every ſide,
In duſt all humbled fall;
Ten thouſand, thouſand, horrid cries
Of dying mortals rend the ſkies
Who late for mercy call.

V.

Of ſuch who 'ſcape, how pale the face!
What groans, what tears fill every place!
Where late laugh'd careleſs Joy.
Fear then proud cities, to provoke
That mighty hand, which at one ſtroke
Can all your pomp deſtroy.

The

VI.

The arm of fleſh no aid can yield,
No wealth 'gainſt Heaven be a ſhield,
Or ſtay the waſting blow.
In generous deeds your gold expend,
Then Heaven will ſmile, and be your friend,
True joys around you grow;

VII.

Joys, that like light, their welcome bring,
With one unvaried ſweetneſs ſpring,
Whoſe leaf feels no decay:
Rich peace of mind, a conſtant gueſt,
To ſmile at Death, will arm your breaſt,
Then lead to endleſs day.

VERSES *wrote by a Gentleman on ſeeing his Child aſleep in his Cradle, juſt before his going to Priſon.*

Soft Babe! ſweet image of a harmleſs mind!
How calm that ſleep, which innocence enjoys?
The ſmiling cheek thou in thy ſlumber wear'ſt
Is Nature's language for a gentle heart;
It ſays, all's peace within. It is thy right;
'Tis the bleſt privilege of thy tender age
To wake, or ſleep, in peace; to know no fears,
To dread no ill, to ſmile on friend and foe.

What

What moral leſſon does thy ſlumber teach?
This preaching ſtrikes, and mends a faulty heart.
Come here, ye guilty, for it ſpeaks to you;
Tells what ye loſt, and what you'll ne'er regain:
Where dwells the pow'r a wounded mind to heal?
Attend, ye Miſers; all your wealth can't bribe
This ſlumber to your bed, unbrib'd it drops
The downy wing upon this infant brow.
Liſten, ye Heroes, Kings, or higher names
(If ſuch there be,) can minds with cooleſt thought
To bloodſhed train'd, ſuch peaceful hours taſte?
Sleep like that Babe, and I'll unſheath my ſword.
Could gazing catch that look of cordial peace,
My ardent eye I'd fix to pluck it thence,
And plant it in my breaſt.—In vain that thought:

Heaven

Heaven this bliſs to ſinful man denies;
'Tis Virtue's crown, and e'en an Angel's wealth.
Sleep on, mild infant, ſleep; and never know
What thy fond parent feels; now feels for thee,
Though thou feel'ſt nothing.—May kind Heaven grant
Thou ne'er may'ſt wake again: how ſweet to paſs,
From Earth to Heaven on ſo ſoft a wing?
Theſe looks would fix a ſmile on Death's pale cheek.
I muſt away; relentleſs law compels:
I'll take thee too: thou in a cell can'ſt ſleep,
And play within the horrors of a jail.
Thy Father ſleeps no more,—What then? I'll watch
Thy ſleeping hours; and when thou ſmil'ſt, I'll ſmile,
Smile e'en in miſery, wipe my ſtreaming eye,
Then ſmile again: will law forbid me this?

Thy

Thy mother in her peaceful tomb is laid;
Silent her griefs, which fretted life away.
At ſight of thee her tender heart would bleed;
It bled for others woes; for thine 'twould ſtream.
In happy time her ſoul to him is fled,
Whoſe blood for thoſe who mercy love, was ſpilt.
Thou know'ſt, my God, by thy great pattern taught,
I never turn'd my eye, nor ſhut my heart
From any wretch that walk'd this earth in pain.
When thy rich bleſſings on my heaad were pour'd,
Thou led'ſt my heart (for goodneſs comes from thee)
To ſeek out miſery in her baſhful path,
And to my utmoſt every wound to heal.
My faith is firm; in this thy trying hand
My hope breathes freſh. Some virtuous mind thou'lt touch

(Tho' few below thy glorious image wear,
To riot most, or vanity enslav'd)
Then guide him to my cell; my chains he'll break,
And light to me, and to this Babe restore.

H 7 49

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Aſſerted and Defended againſt the Falſe Account of it,

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IN HIS

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With a PREFACTORY ADDRESS, on Account of His Illiberal ATTACK on Dr. *Samuel Clarke*'s Character, by a Letter in the Preface to his COMMENT.

By a FRIEND to the PETITIONING CLERGY.

N. B. Since the Publication of this Anſwer, Mr. MADAN has ſunk the firſt Preface, without making any Acknowledgement for the *Calumny* caſt on the *Aſhes* of the *Dead*.

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